

Hold Me

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Summary: 'Slightly' twisted... a look into Rachel's psyche.

Hold Me

> <meta name="Generator"> Hold Me _

This is just my twisted interpretation of Rachel's psyche okay? Maybe I went a little too far, but I think that the stress of being an animorph, sooner or later, is bound to take it's tollâ€|. This has probably been done many, many times, and I'm not trying to copy anyone else's idea or whateverâ€|. it's my first fanfic, so go easy.

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Hold Me

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She had the inexplicable feeling of being watched. Somehow, from the cold corners of the room she could feel the eyes, boring into her as it would midnight prey or some begotten creature in the midst's of its own terrifying maze. It was such that the icy chilliness carried on that early mornings wind currents had no effect on her, for any such sensation she would've felt in her arm or body had been pushed aside, unconsciously, into the back of her mind, shoved away just like all those unwanted feelings of fear, dread, lonelinessâ€|. fear. She could not be bothered with such annoyances, trite irritants that were not of her concern. There were other things to think about, other things that were of more importance than the silly notion of being afraid. Of being watched, of, the feelingâ€|

The feeling of being locked in a cage.

And a cage of what? She allowed her lips to curl into a sardonic smile, eyes locking eyes with the reflection of the dark little girl

in the mirror, all alone with her dark little dreamsâ€|

Were those glittering eyes she saw? Bleached skin beneath layers of golden hair? She passed her hand over her face; her gaze fixed on the doppelganger, regarding it with somewhat of a curious expression.

â€|Wake up little lady, she cooed, tilting her head thoughtfully then reaching out towards the mirror, uncurling her fingers. _Wake up darling, it's time for school_. Her eyes narrowed apprehensively as a few stray strands of hair fell into her face, cutting into the image. She leaned forward, moving her body against the covers as she moved closer and closer to the edge of the bed. Finally she sat blinking, in the glow of the pale moonlight that filtered through the window. Her countenance was lest to say, haggard as she resembled some sort of haunted beauty that sat within the sacred walls of her barred castle, waiting, patiently waitingâ€|

But waiting for what?

Coo cooâ€| Coo cooâ€|

So many questions, she chided herself, quietly slipping off the bed.

She moved across the room, instinctively shielding her eyes from the blackness that engulfed her as her door opened up and the world swallowed her in.

The house was grim, and silence cut through the air like a terrible knife, again and again after each and every footstep that reverberated throughout the austere setting. Shadows pooled at her feet, and carpeted hallways did nothing to cushion the sound of padded footsteps against the hard wooden floor, although it added a soft, quality to it that sounded comforting in some ways. And like all houses, hers had the tendency to creak and to groan. And such a thing it did as she pushed open the lacquered door that led to Sarah's room, snores of the sleeping girl luckily drowning out any noise that might've roused her from her bed.

She looked upon the girl with a gaze of envy.

Innocent, innocent Sarahâ€| How do you sleep at night?

Innocent, innocent Sarahâ€| Have you ever wanted to die?

Innocent, innocent Sarahâ€| Do you want to bleed? I want to bleed Sarahâ€|

—
The girl was probably dreaming of boys. Of wonderful things. She was probably dreaming of first love, of life, of the futureâ€| dear, dear Sarahâ€| _Do you ever have nightmares? Do you ever wake up confused? Do you ever WANT TO DIE?_

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"Rachel?"

Her head snapped up, sweat trickling profusely down the side of her face. Rachel gazed at her sister in utter confusion, fixing perplexed eyes on the only person who could possibly give her an answer. Sarah stared back at her sleepily through heavy lidded eyes, yawning as if to punctuate the gesture.

"Rachel, is that you?"

She took in her present position, trying to make sense of what had just happened.

"Yeah Sarah, it's me."

The girl shifted slightly under the thick comforter.

"Rachel, I had a scary dream." Sarah held out her arms towards her sister.

"Hold me."

Rachel smiled, before joining her sister on the bed. Together they fell asleep just as the sun began to rise.

End
file.